

FIRST AND BEST IN ILLUSTRATED HORROR



CREEPLY
42

Nov. 1971

CREEPLY

A WARREN
MAGAZINE

PGC
60V

"NOWHERE WORLD"
THE FANTASTIC SEQUEL TO
"ON THE WINGS OF A BIRD"
by T. Casey Brennan



SO THERE ARE NO BAD KIDDS, EH? LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT CAPTAIN KIDD AND SOME MORE...

LOATHSOME LORE!



FOR NEARLY TWO HUNDRED AND SEVENTY YEARS, THE HIDING PLACE OF CAPTAIN KIDD'S UNRECOVERED TREASURE HAS REMAINED A MYSTERY! TREASURE HUNTERS WERE DIGGING FOR IT EVEN BEFORE HE WAS HUNG!

ORIGINALLY, KIDD HAD BEEN COMMISSIONED BY KING WILLIAM II TO ACT AGAINST PIRATES IN THE INDIAN OCEAN! BUT AFTER A MUTINY AND OTHER TROUBLES, KIDD AND HIS MEN TURNED TO PIRACY THEMSELVES.



WHEN KIDD RETURNED TO AMERICA IN 1699 HE SENT SOME OF HIS TREASURE TO THE GOVERNOR OF NEW ENGLAND, EXPLAINING THAT HE COULD JUSTIFY HIS PIRACY! BUT HIS PLAN FAILED AND HE WAS ARRESTED ON A NUMBER OF CHARGES IN BOSTON ON JULY 17TH 1699.



FROM THE SMALL AMOUNT OF TREASURE THAT WAS RECOVERED, AUTHORITIES ASSUMED THAT KIDD HAD HIDDEN MOST OF IT...



HE WAS SENT BACK TO LONDON AND CONVICTED OF THREE PIRACY CHARGES AND THE MURDER OF HIS GUNNER, ANDRE, DURING A MUTINY. HE WAS HANGED ON MAY 23RD, 1701.



MANY THEORIES AND LEGENDS HAVE ARISEN CONCERNING THE HIDING PLACES OF THE KIDD TREASURE! BUT TODAY AS THEN, IT REMAINS A MYSTERY!



NOV. 1971

CREEPY

NO. 42

EDITOR and PUBLISHER: JAMES WARREN

MANAGING EDITOR: BILLY GRAHAM

ASSOCIATE EDITOR: J. R. COCHRAN

COVER: SANJULIAN

ARTISTS THIS ISSUE: AURALEON, DAVE COCKRUM, JERRY GRANDENETTI, BRUCE JONES, GARY KAUFMAN, KEN KELLY, JOE STATON, LARRY TODD

WRITERS THIS ISSUE: T. CASEY BRENNAN, GARDNER FOX, DON GLUT, GARY KAUFMAN, R. MICHAEL ROSEN, STEVE SKEATES

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Our very own Ernie (Ernesto) Colon whose work appeared last issue ("Slapper's Return"—art & story by Ernie Colon—CREEPY #43) made The New York Times recently. Ernie wrote a letter to The Times—which appears below in its entirety—in response to an article on the current state of comics in the Sunday Times magazine for May 2nd, 1973. The article was called, "Shazam! Here Comes Captain Relevant!" and was penned by Saul Braun. Replying to freelance writer Braun's article, Ernie wrote:

"The elevation of comic art beyond its value began with the introduction, and acceptance, of the pop-art concept Saul Braun's article, 'Shazam!'



Glaring in the direction of the speaker's podium during the bestowal of the Warren Awards at the 1973 New York Comiccon is, "Best All-Around Artist" winner Ernie Colon.

Here Comes Captain Relevant! will do much to lift, still further, an industry already giddy with its own sense of importance.

The featured cover, (Braun's article was the Sunday magazine cover) story and pictured a recent war comic book cover—and) adding to the real savor at Mylar, is an excellent example of how comic heroes ponder moral questions? Pender is surely more to the point.

It is exactly this treatment

of real issues that corrupts the meaning of relevance. The cartoon is intrinsic in Martin Goodman's uncertainty as to whether "relevance will continue to sustain sales" If it doesn't, of course, other rationales will be sought to devalue the importance of comics—just as they were found to justify the incredible expanse of horror comics when they sustained sales.

Of course, comics have value, but it will not be defined by a man who finds himself 'unable to believe that the worst comic books could have corrupted the child's mind as

was the monster. Because I'd like to be a part of your excellent magazine, I've enclosed a story for the Feb. pages. (See CREEPY's Fan Club—ed.) Remember—only 10 more issues to #50! What a treat it will be!

ROBERT NASON
Whitesboro, N.Y.

I've never been a horror comic fan but your covers always strike my eye every time I buy the latest comics. Covers which finally hooked me for good were those on CREEPY #5 & 6 and 16 and Eerie #10 I've been buying your maga-

"(The comics industry is one) already giddy with its own sense of importance."

zine since Richard Corben's work has a thrilling dynamic style. Words cannot express the feelings I get each time I discover Corben's work. Thanks for the special features like the Cox report, the Club pages, and the Guess which artist will they love up the magazine.

For heaven's sake, Mr Braun!
ERNESTO COLON,
Cartoonist
New York

So went Ernie's letter. Ernie's work will next appear in Eerie #37, on sale October 6th. He illustrates a great sword and sorcery story called "Delbalator" by Doug Moench. VAMPIRELLA author Archie Goodwin also made the Braun piece, by the by, Archie who was described as a 33-year-old writer of "Creepy Comics" . . . wry observes (that) the real problem (regarding more freedom in comics) is self-censorship. "The truth is, maybe half this people here would n't do their work any different if they didn't have censor ship."

Did Urk's been doing his thing CREEPY #39 and 40 were cool, man, cool, I really dug "Where Satan Dwells" CREEPY's doing much better than that dude Eerie! Did CREEPY's a cool place! Hang in there, brother Hang in there!

JOE HANMELL
Trenton, N.J.

So many imitations of CREEPY are on the stand! How ever, I merely pass them up with my head held high to pick up my copy of CREEPY—one scream above the rest! I'm still banking at issue #40. Every story was a gem! Dave Cockrum's work never fails and his "Swearing Demon" was no exception. The only sad thing about the story was that it used your old gimmick of making the most innocent per-

son and the grim cast of characters. I had three heart attacks reading "Harvest of Horror" and I enjoyed "Me! Jack's Girl" most of all!

RUDY BANKINS
Houston, Texas

I don't have much time to argue about who is best—CREEPY, VAMPIRELLA or Eerie, I like them all! "The Swearing Demon" was "The Dauntless Fan" were two of the best stories to ever come from a CREEPY book.

MICHAEL THOMAS
Dallas, Texas



Course Ernie, also "Dimple Belly," also "Dude" Ernie.

I've been a fan of CREEPY for a long time and I must say your magazine is the greatest I do wish however that you'd use more vampire and werewolf stories. If possible, try and make your mag 68 pages long.

CHRIS CALIENDO
North Babylon, N.Y.

I thought it was 68 pages long, Chris. You going to make me count them again?



From different angles, the nozzle of Tarrant's gun on the cover of CREEPY #40 seems to follow you, according to Steven Hart.

"Your letters page is getting extremely boring. It's filled with your quarrel."

Where I live, it's hard to get **CREEPLY** as the nearest place that sells it is 10 miles away. However, I was able to buy a few **EERIE**'s, which I always thought were pretty good. But that was before I bought **CREEPLY #39**. **CREEPLY** is much better than **EERIE**. It's a horror mag whereas **EERIE** is science fiction.

FRANK MILLER
Montpelier, Vt.

Of all the **CREEPLY**'s I've ever read, issue #39 tops them all. Don't get me wrong. They were all equally creepy. It's just that there was more to issue #39. I truly enjoyed "Harvest of Horrors" because of the three different deaths. Keep those presses rolling, Uncle.

STEVEN GUBERMAN
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Especially with Cousin Steve strapped in between them, Steve.

Has anyone ever told you **CREEPLY** rules?

RICHARD GUCAR
Trenton, N.J.

How true!

If you look at the cover of **CREEPLY #40** from different angles, the nozle of Tarrant's gas away follows you. "The Fade Away Walk" was beauti-



The three endings of **HARVEST OF HORRORS** in **CREEPLY #40** gave Rudy Rankins of Houston, Texas three heart attacks. His letter's on p. 4.

ful. Gary Kaufman's stories are great and have unexpected endings. *Devil's Belly's* latest issue was very bad.

STEVEN HART
Seddie Brook, N.J.

By "Devil's Belly" are you referring to Cousin **EERIE**? That's no drop on his belly, Steve! It's a wart.

CREEPLY #40 was a welcome relief, particularly after a disastrous #39. All the stories were great except for "The Strenuousation." Your letters page is getting extremely boring. It's filled with letters about your quarrel with Cousin **EERIE**, ridiculous suggestions and letters from amateur artists. You don't have to be in **CREEPLY**'s Fan Club to have

things printed on the fan club pages, do you?

TONY KOPER
Maynard, Mass.

No, you don't, Tony. But it sure puts you in good with Uncle if you do join. You wouldn't want the beeg-woolies to get you, would you?



Be certain to read these pages next go-around as there will be a lot we'll have to giggle about! Including some great stories—"The Mark of Safety's Claw" and "Three Way Split" to name two. Plus a special piece on what's coming!

THE NEXT TIME SOMEONE ASKS, "DID YOU SEE THAT GREAT STORY IN **CREEPLY** (OR **EERIE**, OR **VAMPIRELLA**, OR **FNO**)?"—BE SURE YOU CAN ANSWER YES. GET YOUR ISSUES MAILED TO YOU IN A STURDY, PLAIN BROWN ENVELOPE. MAIL THE COUPON NOW. MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE IF NOT SATISFIED.



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Poor Uncle Creepy!



He checks his mail each and every morning without fail and if there aren't at least twenty or thirty letters for him, one small tear drops from his eye! Don't make him CRY UNCLE! Keep those cards and letters coming so we can keep Uncle's spirits up! Write to:

DEAR UNCLE
CREEPY

c/o Warren Publishing Co.
145 East 32nd Street
New York, N.Y. 10016



DO YOU BURN TO READ
THIS HAUNTING TALE OF
JELLING HORROR? LET YOUR
IMAGINATION FLAME! BUILD
YOURSELF A BONFIRE OF BURNBOO
BLISS AS YOU SHAKE TO WHAT
WAITS IN THE WATERY FITS
BELOW THE OLD HOLT
HOUSE!

WE CAME TO BURN DOWN THE OLD
JESSEPIAH HOLT HOUSE THAT NIGHT!
OUR TORCHES ABLAZE, OUR BELLYS
FILLED WITH STRONG WINE AND POTENT
WHISKEY TO GIVE US COURAGE. FOR EACH
ONE OF US KNEW SOME AWFUL FATE
OVERTOOK THOSE WHO ENTERED THAT
FEARFUL HOUSE ON WINDY RIDGE, OR
HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH ITS MYSTERIOUS
AIDS THAT WAS OUR PLAN. BUT WE
RECKONED WITHOUT...

THE QUAKING HORROR

THERE IT IS - THE
HOUSE THAT EATS PEOPLE!
BUT IT HAS DEVoured ITS LAST
HUMAN BEING. THIS NIGHT - IT DIES
AS ITS VICTIMS DIED!

BURN
IT! BURN
IT!

FIRE
DESTRONS
EVERYTHING!

WE HAVE
THE FIRE.
LET'S USE
IT!

UP A NARROW STONE PATH WE TRAVELED,
FEAR EATING AT EACH ONE OF US. BELOW
WERE THE SEA CAVER, FOLLOVED FROM
LIVING ROCK BY THE SURGING WAVES...

IN THOSE DAYS, LONG AGO, CAPTAIN JESSEPIAH HOLT HAD
KEPT THE MYSTERIOUS 'SEA BEASTS' HE BROUGHT HOME
FROM HIS LONG SEA VOYAGES, OR SO THE LEGEND RAN...



BUT—IT WAS NONE OF THESE WEA CREATURES THAT TROUBLED US SO SORELY, LONG AGO, THEY HAD ALL DIED OFF, NO, IT WAS SOMETHING ELSE! SOMETHING—WICKED! SOMETHING— HUNGRY FOR HUMAN LIFE, THAT KEPT ITS LAIR IN THE OLD HOUSE OR-BELOW IT...



OUR IMAGINATIONS PEOPLED THE CAVERNS WITH RARE, DREAD BEINGS...

MY NAME IS JOHN EVERETT. I AM A REAL ESTATE AGENT, BUT I HAVE RENTED THE HOLT HOME FOR THE LAST TIME, FOR ONLY THIS MORNING, AS I SAT IN MY OFFICE...



MABEL! WHAT'S WRONG?

IT'S NO—WORRY AND OR—DADDY! THEY'RE—DEAD! AND BO IS M—MY BROTHER TOM!



IT HAPPENED—LAST NIGHT!

JUST AS WE WERE GOING TO BED— I HEARD MY BROTHER SCREAM, AS THOUGH ALL THE DEVILS IN HELL WERE AFTER HIM!

SHE TOLD HER TALE, AND AS SHE DID THE TERROR GREW INSIDE ME...

"I RAN INTO HIS ROOM—SAW NOTHING BUT A TRAIL OF SLIME ACROSS THE WALL AND FLOOR, AND—AND THERE WAS AN AWFUL, FRIGHTENING SMELL TO THAT SLIME..."



TOMMY! WHERE ARE YOU?

"MOMMY AND DADDY FOLLOWED THE TRAIL OF THAT AWFUL DOZE DOWN THE STAIRS AND TOWARD THE CELLAR..."



IN THE MARE OF ALL THAT'S SAID, CHARLES—WHAT IS THAT STUFF?!

I C—CAN'T SAY HOLLY!

"I FOLLOWED THEM BUT SLOPPENLY A HORRIBLE SCREAM RANG OUT; I FREEZE IN MY TRACKS, UNABLE TO MOVE A MUSCLE, THERE WAS SO MUCH FEAR IN THAT CRY—I ALMOST FAINTED..."



TH—THAT WAS M—MOMMY!

OH, GOD—NO!

AAAAAAAAAGGGHHH!!!

TEARS STREAKED HER CHEEKS AS SHE FINISHED HER TALE OF TERROR...EVERETT LOOKS DOWN AT MABEL WHO LOOKS UP AT HIM, TEARS RUNNING DOWN HER CHEEKS.

I F-FAINTED, I GUESS, WHEN I CAME TO, I RAN HERE AS FAST AS I COULD.

YOU POOR KID, I'LL TAKE YOU HOME DO MY WIFE CAN LOOK AFTER YOU.

THEN I'R GOING TO ROUSE THE TOWNFOLK!

NIGHT HAD FALLEN BEFORE WE ASSEMBLED AND MADE OUR WAY UP THAT CRAZY CLIFFSIDE TO THE HOUSE ITSELF...

LET ME GO IN FIRST-ALONE!

THIS WAS MY IDEA. IF ANYTHING'S GOING TO HAPPEN-LET IT HAPPEN TO ME!

I SEARCHED THE OLD, MUSTY ROOMS WITHOUT FINDING ANYTHING UNTIL...

THE FLOORBOARD-LOOSE-TILTING UNDER MY FOOT!

AND THERE'S SOMETHING UNDERNEATH IT.

I BROUGHT OUT A DUSTY, TIME-CRACKED VOLUME OF LONG-FORGOTTEN LORE-AND A SET OF CURIOUSLY WROUGHT CANDLESTICKS...

THEY'RE SO-OLD! THIS MUST BE THE PROPERTY OF JEREMIAH MOLT HIMSELF, WHO DIED ALMOST TWO CENTURIES AGO.

WHAT ARCADE SECRETS DOES THIS BOOK HOLD?

CONQURED BY CURIOSITY-THINKING THAT PERHAPS IT CONTAINED THE ANSWER TO OUR QUEST FOR KNOWLEDGE OF THE SLIME-DIPPING MONSTER OF MOLT HOUSE-I OPENED IT TO FIND A LETTER...

IT'S WRITTEN BY MOLT...

I AM THREE ACCURSED! FOR THIS DAY I HAVE SCANNED THE MORTAL FORMULAE FOR BREEDING THE MOST VILFOS BETWEEN OUR UNIVERSE AND -OTHERS!...

I MUST TRY-SEE IF I CAN BRING HERE THOSE DEMONIC BEINGS FROM-BEYOND!

I SET UP BLACK CANDLESTICKS IN THOSE HOLDERS WHICH I HAD FROM A TIBETAN WARRIOR, AS WELL AS THE GRIMOIRE, AND I CHANTED THE EVIL, EON-SURE INCANTATIONS...

EBOTHON DORATHA NEBIMAN!

AKKA LAJALLIS EFFRO ROGIS!



IN ANSWER TO MY
DORMONS CAME SOMETHING
SO FRIGHTFUL—SO
UNMAGNABLY HORRIBLE—
THAT I TURNED AWAY IN
HORROR!...

WHAT
MADE ME
DO IT?

I SHOULD
HAVE BURNED THE
BOOK BEFORE I
GAVE WAY TO ITS
FASCINATION.

STRIKING TENTACLES CAME QUESTING OUT OF
THE PORTAL I HAD CREATED WITH MY CALL. THEY
POPPED SLIME, THEY STANK, THEY WRITHED IN
A REMBRANCE OF HORRIBLE LIFE...

AAAAAGHH—
GOD!

NO! IT
SHALL NOT HAVE
ME. I AM NOT
ITS SACRIFICE!

I WRITE THIS LETTER IN MY
TOWER ROOM. THE DOOR IS
STRENGTHENED BY A PROPPED
CHAIR, THE WINDOWS ARE
LATCHED. YET IT COMES FOR
ME. I HEAR IT SLITHERING. I
CAN SMELL ITS SLIME...

SICK AT HEART, I RAN FROM
THE HOUSE, DETERMINED TO USE
FIRE AGAINST WHATEVER BEING
INFESTED IT, BUT AS I RAN OUT...

I PUMPED BULLETS DOWNWARD
INTO THE BLACKNESS, BUT I
MIGHT JUST AS WELL HAVE BEEN
FIRING AT A RUBBER BALL...

JIM!
BOB!

OH MY
GOD—IT'S
COME FOR US
ALL!

BLAMMM
BLAMMM

SAVE
US!

HELP—
BEFORE IT
EATS US!

HEEEUUUUUUUU

IN STEADILY MOUNTING HORROR AND DESPAIR WE HURLED OUR BLAZING TORCHES AT THE HOUSE. WE COULD NOT GIVE OUR FRIENDS, BUT WE WOULD GUARANTEE THE—THING—WOULD GET NO MORE OF US...



WHEN IT BURNS TO ASHES—WE'LL BUILD A FENCE AROUND IT SO NONE CAN EVER COME NEAR IT AGAIN!

IN SECONDS THAT POOR TINSER WAS ALIVE WITH LEAPING FLAMES. NOTHING COULD LIVE IN THAT CONFLAGRATION!...



SO MAY IT PERISH!

THE FIRE WILL EAT IT!

AS IT EATS HUMAN BEINGS!

BY THE LIGHT OF THOSE FLAMES—EVEN AS SOME OF THE TIMBERS CAVED INWARD—WE COULD LOOK DOWN INTO A VAST PIT BELOW THE HOUSE...



WHATEVER IT WAS—IT'S GONE!

I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING, EITHER.

WE DID OUR JOB. NOW LET'S GO HOME.

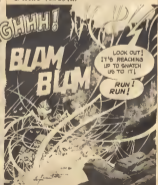
YET IT WAS NOT GONE—JUST HIDDEN BY THE AWFUL BLACKNESS OF THAT FRIGHTFUL HOLE! FOR AS THE WIND SHIFTED AND BLEW THE FLAMES FORWARD, THEY ILLUMINATED THE ENTIRE AREA...



GOOP LORD ABOVE!

A FIEND—OUT OF SOME FENOMAC HELL!

WE EMPTIED OUR RIFLES AND REVOLVER VANS, USELESSLY—FOR THE ALIEN FLESH OF THIS AWFUL MONSTER WAS IMPERVIOUS TO FLYING LEAD, AND THEN IT STRETCHED ITS TENTACLED UPWARDS—FOR US!...



BLAM
BLAM

LOOK OUT!
IT'S REAGENS UP TO SWATCH US TO IT!

RUN!
RUN!

THOSE TENTACLES CLOSED—STUNG—BIT DEEP AS WITH ACID! WE FOUGHT AS BEST WE MIGHT BUT EVER SO STEADILY IT DREW US TOWARD THE GUAING, JELLY-LIKE BODY THAT WAITED TO DEVOUR US...

AAAIIIEEE! SOMEBODY—DO SOMETHING!

CAN'T ANYTHING—SAVE US?

WE BATTLED VICIOUSLY, DESPERATELY, FOR THERE WAS AN ASHY IN THE CLUTCH OF THOSE TENTACLES THAT HELD US—AND AN ABYSSAL HORROR IN THE THOUGHT OF WHAT WAS TO BE OUR FATE...

PLEASE! PLEASE!

FLOSSIE! I CAN'T LET IT HAVE YOU...

AND THEN—THE BLAZING HOUSE CAVED IN! IT CRASHED DOWN INTO THE—FIT—ITS BURNING BEAMS AND TIMBERS RED—HOT! FROM BELOW—JUST AS THE TENTACLES LOOSENEED ABOUT US—WE HEARD A THIN NINA SCREAM...

THANK—GOD! THE COLLAPSING HOUSE—SAVED OUR LIVES.

I HAVE YOU NOW, FLOSSIE!

WAAAGH!

WE CAUGHT ONE LAST GLIMPSE OF THE GUAING HORROR BEFORE THE FIRE AND THE WATER COMPLETELY BURIED IT. ITS FACES WERE HUMAN—TWISTED IN AGONY! ITS VAST BULK SHIVERED, SHOOK TO THAT AGONY! ITS TENTACLES REACHED UP—AS IF PLEADING WITH US FOR HELP...

VEEB!

TODAY THE THING IS NO MORE THAN A MEMORY, SLAIN BY FIRE. OR SO WE—HOPE. YET I CANNOT HELP BUT THINK THAT THERE MAY BE OTHER SUCH HORRORS—LIERING EVER ON THE EDGE OF OUR COSMOS, AWAITING SOME DREAD INCANTATION THAT WILL LET THEM ENTER WHERE THEY DO NOT BELONG...

IF THEY EVER DO COME—I PRAY GOD THAT MARKING SHALL KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH THEM. FOR IF WE DO NOT—THEN WE OURSELVES ARE DOOMED!

IT HAD NEVER ASKED TO COME HERE, I REALIZED, YET JERODIAH HOLT HAD SUMMONED IT—AND IT ACTED AS IT WOULD ACT ON ITS OWN WORLD. IN A WAY, I FELT PITY AT THAT MOMENT...

FORTUNATELY, I DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT ANY OF YOU READERS GETTING A COPY OF THE GRIMMOR AND TRYING ITS INCANTATIONS, DO I? I KNOW YOUR TENTACLES ARE TOO SLIMY TO TURN THE PAGES!



END

PROLOGUE: *CRUATIA*—AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY—ON A MOONLIT NIGHT, WHEN BATS FLY AND DOGS BARK—AND WOLVES HOWL...



AIEERPHH!

WRRROOOOAAAHH!

THE END IS HORRIBLE—YET SWIFT! BUT THEN...

WE MUSTN'T LET HIM GET AWAY THIS TIME!

NO! THIS TIME WE'VE GOT TO KILL THE WERE BEAST! AFTER HIM!

READY WITH THE SILVER BULLETS!

YELP!

THERE HE IS, MEN!

BLAM!

GOT HIM!

I'VE KILLED THE MONSTER THAT HAS BEEN MURDERING OUR VILLAGERS!

YES! NOW LET'S HAVE A CLOSER LOOK AND SEE IF OUR SUSPICIONS WERE RIGHT!

YES! THE BEAST HAS CHANGED HIS FORM—ONE MIGHT HAVE KNOWN IT IS GRADWITZ! CURSED DABBLER IN BLACK MAGIC! WHY COULDN'T HE HAVE STAYED IN THE WEST INDIES WHERE HE SPENT SO MANY YEARS INSTEAD OF RETURNING TO PLAGUE US?


WELL, THE SILVER BULLETS HAVE ENDED HIS TERROR FOREVER!

I HOPE YOU ARE RIGHT, MY FRIEND... BUT WITH ONE SO EVIL, CAN WE EVER BE TRULY SURE?



AND THAT PARTICULAR QUESTION WE'RE ABOUT TO EXPLORE TERROR TIPPLERS, SO SIT BACK AND KEEP AN EYE ON THE GUY NEXT TO YOU... BECAUSE NO MATTER WHO YOU THINK HE IS, HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN THROUGH JUST WHAT OUR HORRORPIC HERO IS ABOUT TO EXPERIENCE...

A CHANGE OF IDENTITY!



I DO NOT YET UNDERSTAND WHY WE MUST DRIVE A SILVER SPIKE THROUGH THE BODY OF GRADVITZ! HIS BODY HAS ALREADY BEEN RIDDLED WITH SILVER BULLETS! THERE IS NO LIFE REMAINING IN HIM!

YES, BUT REMEMBER THE OLD TRADITION OF OUR PEOPLE! CERTAIN WEREWOLVES RETURN AFTER DEATH TO HAUNT THE WORLD AS MAMMERS! GRADVITZ WAS A WEREWOLF BY CHOICE!

CERTAINLY HE WAS ENOUGH IN LIFE TO RETURN UNDEAD! THE SPIKE SHOULD RASTER HIM TO HIS TOMB!

SO GRADVITZ IS *AWESOME!* GRADVITZ--SO STRONG AND TALL! NO ONE OUSTED HIS LIFE--LIKE TRY TO *AWAY!* HE WAS THE MASTER AND THOSE OTHER MERE BELLOW HIS CONTEMPT! HOW I WISH I COULD BE LIKE HE WAS...

NOW--AS LONG AS THAT SPIKE STAYS IN HIS CHEST WE'RE SAFE! LET'S GO NO--! *WHAT!* IT'S TROLLS "THE TROLL" SPYING ON US!

THEN I'D KILL-- *WHAT!* NO!... THEY'VE SEEN ME!

SO YOU'VE BEEN WATCHING US, UGLY ONE! YOU'VE BEEN WARNED TOO MANY TIMES IN THE PAST TO KEEP AWAY FROM US, GGRR!

NO! I BEG YOU NOT TO -

HAH! LOOK AT HIM SQUAWM! TEACH HIM A LESSON, HANS!

THE TWISTED BODY STRUGGLES IN VAIN...

THERE! NOW DON'T LET US CATCH YOU AROUND HERE AGAIN! UNDERSTAND?

COME ON NOW, MEN! WE MUST SEAL THE TOMB!

THIS IS THE END! THEY HAVE PUSHED ME ONCE TOO OFTEN! AND - FROM THEIR OWN ACCURSED WORDS - I KNOW THE MANNER OF MY REVENGE! WHEN THEY ARE GONE...



MINUTE SHAVINGS OF IRON GLOW IN THE MOONLIGHT... AND ONE BAR FALLS ASIDE WITH A CLANG! THEN...



AH... NOW FOR THE SECOND! AND SOON I'LL BE ABLE TO FIT THROUGH THE WINDOW!

SHORTLY... AFTER THE WORK HAS BEEN COMPLETED...



THERE HE SLEEPS... BUT NOT FOR LONG!

THE SILVER SPIKE!... IT SEEMS TO GLOW IN THE MOONLIGHT! IT SEEMS TO CALL ME!



THEN THE FINGERS OF THE MUNCHBACK GRASP THE COLD METAL... AND YANK!



OGGH... THERE! THE SPIKE IS OUT!



IT-IT'S HAPPENING! EVEN THOUGH I KNOW IT WOULD, IT IS FRIGHTENING! AND I CAN HEAR HIM GASP... AND BREATHE! GRADTIZ...

... IS ALIVE!



W-WHAT HAS HAPPENED? I FEEL AS THOUGH I'VE BEEN ASLEEP... AND A SHARP PAIN REMOVED FROM MY CHEST!

... AND WHAT IS THIS... THIS? THIS SUDDEN CRAVING!

YOU! TROSS, THE VILLAGE SCARECROW! WITH THAT SPIKE! SPEAK! TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED HERE!



TROSS EXPLAINS IN STUTTERING WORDS...



WHY? I'VE BECOME A V-VAMPIRE? AND I THIRST FOR BLOOD!

MAYBE YOU SHALL BE THE FIRST VICTIM OF THIS VAMPIRE!

N-NO! NO MASTER!

YOU CALLED ME MASTER?

YES, MASTER! YOU SEE, I REVIVED YOU FOR A REASON: A VERY SPECIAL REASON!

I AM TIRED OF THE INSULTS... THE BRUTALITIES OF THE VILLAGERS! GIVE ME THE SECRET OF BEING STRONG AND POWERFUL AND I SHALL GRANT YOU... WATCH YOUR GRAVE DURING THE DAYLIGHT HOURS... AND PROTECT YOU FROM ALL AROUND!

YOUR IDEA FASCINATES ME, TROSS! YES, I'LL NEED SOMEONE TO PROTECT MY GRAVE... AND YOU WANT MONSTROUS POWER FOR YOUR REVENGE-- AS A WEREWOLF?

YES, MASTER... A WEREWOLF!

AND TOGETHER, WE SHALL WIPE OUT THIS TOWN-- THEN MOVE ON TO OTHERS! TOGETHER WE SHALL BE UNDEFEATABLE!

YES-- YOU SHALL GUARD MY GRAVE! AND YOU SHALL BE TRANSFORMED! BUT FIRST, THERE ARE THINGS WE MUST DO! I MUST SATISFY MY BLOOD THIRST! AND YOU MUST TAKE SOME EARTH FROM THE GROUND SURROUNDING THE TOWN-- THEN HASTEN TO MY HOUSE AND CONSTRUCT A COFFIN! I SHALL MEET YOU PRESENTLY!

WITH HASTE, TROSS HOBLES ACROSS THE HILLS UNTIL HE REACHES THE HOME OF THE FORMER WEREWOLF! FINDING LUMBER AND TOOLS IN THE SHED BEHIND THE HOUSE, HE BEGINS...

THIS COFFIN WILL BE CRUDE... BUT THE MASTER NEEDS IT AS SOON AS I CAN BUILD IT! HE WILL BE SATISFIED! IN THE MORNING, I CAN BUILD A BETTER ONE!

YES, MASTER! I SHALL WORK SWIFTLY! YOU SHALL HAVE A COFFIN WITHIN THE HOUR!

MEANWHILE...

THE THIRST I CANNOT CONTROL IT! IT SEEMS TO OBEY POWER ANY WILL!

AND I HAVE AN ETERNITY OF THIS THIRST LYING AHEAD OF ME!

WHEN HIS HIDEOUS CRAWING QUENCHED, GRADVITZ RETURNED TO HIS HOUSE, WHERE HE FINDS A PROUD TROGG... AND HIS NEW DAYLIGHT BED...



YOU ARE BACK, MASTER! AND SEE WHAT I HAVE BUILT... A PLACE WHERE YOU WILL BE SAFE DURING THE DAY! I HAVE THE LAYER OF GRAVE DIRT INSIDE!

YES! THANK YOU, TROGG! BUT THERE IS STILL ANOTHER MATTER WE MUST SETTLE!



YOU MEAN MY OWN TRANSFORMATION... INTO A WEREWOLF? SO THAT I WILL BE BIG AND STRONG AND ALMOST UNKILLABLE... LIKE YOU ONCE WERE!

A WEREWOLF LIKE ME... THAT PRESENTS A PROBLEM TROGG... BUT NOT AN INSURMOUNTABLE ONE!



YOU SEE, BEING A WEREWOLF WAS ONE THING! I WAS FREE... I WANTED TO CHANGE... AND KILL... AND I COULD CONTROL MY THIRST! NOW I AM TRAPPED DURING THE DAY... AND A SLAVE TO MY OWN CRAWING!



WHAT IS THAT YOU'RE HOLDING?

A CLAY EFFIGY... WHICH I'M HOLDING TO REPRESENT YOU!... YOU, TROGG, WHO DARED TO IMPLICIT THIS CURSED VAMPIRE AFFLICTION ON ME! BUT NOW THAT YOU'VE DONE WHAT YOU HAVE, I'LL STILL NEED A SLAVE TO PROTECT ME!



DURING MY TIME IN THE WEST INDIES, I BECAME A MASTER OF WOODDOL TROGG! OBVIOUS! I CAN'T AFFORD TO HAVE ANOTHER CREATURE FEEDING ON VICTIMS RESERVED FOR ME!

THAT'S WHY I'M KILLING YOU... ONLY TO BRING YOU BACK AS MY SERVANT... TO TRANSFORM YOU...

!CHOKE!
N N NO, M-MASTER!
GAAHHHHH!



... INTO A LINGERING, OBEYANT AND MINDLESS ZOMBIE!



LET THAT BE A LESSON, LITTLE FRIENDS! NEVER GO PARTNERS WITH A VAMPIRE... AT LEAST NOT WITH ONE WHO'S AFRAID OF COMPETITION!

PROLOGUE:

YOU WAIT OUTSIDE THE BANK, WAIT AND WAIT, THEN FINALLY YOU SEE HIM, THE PERFECT MARK, NERVOUS, OBVIOUSLY TOO PREOCCUPIED WITH SOME PERSONAL PROBLEM TO REALIZE WHAT YOU'RE UP TO...



YOU WALK UP BEHIND HIM "ACCIDENTALLY" BUMP INTO HIM ..



DEFTLY, YOU REMOVE THE WALLET FROM HIS BACK POCKET...



BUT AS YOU TRY TO SLIP AWAY...

WHA-? MY WALLET!



OFFICER! THAT MAN HE BUMPED INTO ME! MY WALLET'S GONE! HE PICKED MY POCKET!

HUH?!

OH NO! JUST MY LUCK! WHY'D THERE HAVE TO BE A COP AROUND??

GOTTA GIT OUTTA HERE! CAN'T AFFORD TO GIT TAKEN!

IF I GIT BENT BACK AGAIN, THIS TIME IT'LL BE FOR KEEPS!



FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY, INFERNAL PRODUCTS IS MAKING AVAILABLE THIS FANTASTIC NEW PRODUCT...

SEE THIS BEAUTIFUL PLASTIC WALLET. IT IS EMPTY NOW!



BUT, SIMPLY PLACE IT IN YOUR BACK POCKET FOR AN HOUR...



AND SUDDENLY IT HAS A DOLLAR IN IT!

KEEP IT IN YOUR BACK POCKET FOR TWO HOURS, AND YOU'LL HAVE TWO DOLLAR BILLS ETC ETC.



THIS FANTASTIC WALLET ACTUALLY GROWS ITS OWN MONEY! AVAILABLE AT FINER DEPARTMENT STORES EVERYWHERE!



THE AMAZING MONEY-MAKING WALLET

ONLY
49¢

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE
IF NOT COMPLETELY SATISFIED

WARNING: Wallet must be kept on your person at all times.

Infernal Products

MY WALLET!
I MUST HAVE IT
BACK IMMEDIATELY!

DON'T
WORRY, SIR!
HE AIN'T
GONNA
GET FAR!
NOT IF I CAN
HELP IT!



THEN, ROUNDING A
CORNER...

THAT OPEN
BASEMENT
WINDOW!

IF I CAN SLIP
DOWN IN THERE
BEFORE THE COP
GETS AROUND THE
CORNER, IT'S BE SAFE!



AND, A FEW SECONDS
LATER...

WHAT?
WHERE'D
HE GO?
NOWHERE
IN SIGHT!

MUSTA
REALLY STARTED
RUNNIN'... GOT
AROUND THE
NEXT CORNER!
BETTER CHECK
IT OUT!



HOWEVER...

HOPE!
NOWHERE
AROUND!
I'VE LOST
HIM!

BETTER GET
BACK AND TELL
THAT GUY THE
BAD NEWS!

HE AIN'T GONNA
LIKE THIS! JUDGING
FROM THE WAY HE
ACTED, WE MUSTA HAD A
LOT OF DOUGH IN THE WALLET!



HUNH?
HE'S
GONE!

DOESN'T MAKE
SENSE! WHY
WOULD HE LEAVE?
HE SEEMED SO
EAGER TO GET
HIS WALLET BACK!

OH WELL... GUESS
IT TAKES ALL KINDS!



AND THE COP TURNS AND WALKS AWAY, FAILING
TO PLACE ANY SIGNIFICANCE IN THE
SMOLDERING PILE OF ASHES NEAR HIS FEET...



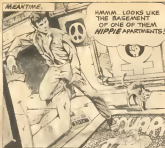
HMMPH!
ANOTHER COP!

WONDER WHY
THERE'VE BEEN
SO MANY
AROUND HERE
LATELY! HOPE
THEY'RE NOT
PLANNING
ANOTHER
DRUG RAID!

WHY DON'T
THEY JUST
LEAVE
PEOPLE
ALONE?



MEANTIME...



HAHM... LOOKS LIKE THE BASEMENT OF ONE OF THEM HIPPIE APARTMENTS.



DOESN'T LOOK LIKE THERE'S ANYTHING AROUND HERE WORTH STEALING... BUT AT LEAST...

WHA-? SOMEBODY'S OPENING THE DOOR!



I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMEONE DOWN HERE!

DON'T SCREAM, LADY! I DON'T MEAN YOU ANY HARM!

I WASN'T GOING TO SCREAM!



YOU'VE GOTTA LISTEN TO ME! I'M IN HERE BECAUSE I'M HIDING FROM THE COPS! THEY'RE AFTER ME BECAUSE I STOLE A WALLET!

I DIDN'T MEAN TO STEAL IT! BUT I HAD TO!



I WAS HUNGRY! NEEDED THE MONEY TO BUY SOME FOOD! HAVEN'T EATEN IN DAYS!

WILL YOU KNOCK OFF THE SNIVELING? I WASN'T ABOUT TO TURN YOU IN!

PLEASE DON'T TURN ME IN!



I DON'T DIG THE PIGS ANY MORE THAN YOU DO!

NOW, IF YOU'RE REALLY SERIOUS ABOUT BEING HUNGRY, MAYBE I CAN GIVE YOU SOME FOOD!

HUNNY??



HEY!
YOU'RE NOT
A BAD KID!
YOU HIPPIE
CHICKS
AREN'T BAD
AT ALL!
I COULD
GO...

OH NO!
LET'S HAVE
NONE OF
THAT!



NOW, STAY RIGHT HERE!
I'LL BE RIGHT
DOWN WITH SOME
FOOD!

WOW!
THAT'S
NICE
STUFF!



WELL, WELL! THINGS SEEM
TO HAVE WORKED OUT
PRETTY WELL... SHE'S
NOT GONNA TURN ME IN!
AND THAT MEANS I GOT
AWAY WITH THE WALLET!

THE WALLET! ALMOST
FORGOT ABOUT THAT!
NEVER DID GET A
CHANCE TO CHECK
IT OUT!



YOU PULL
IT OUT OF
YOUR
POCKET...
OPEN IT,
EXPECTING
TO FIND
A LARGE
WAD OF
BILLS...

WHAT? ONLY
ONE DOLLAR?
THAT'S
ALL!

DOESN'T MAKE SENSE!
THAT NO GOOD LITTLE
FREAK, MAKING SUCH
A BIG FUSS OVER
ONE LOUSY
BUCK! HE ALMOST
GOT ME
ARRESTED!

THEN, AFTER STUFFING THE
DOLLAR INTO YOUR
POCKET...



WHY, THAT
ROTTEN
SCUM!

LOUSY
PENNY-
PINCHER!



OH WELL... AT LEAST,
I HAVEN'T BEEN
CAUGHT... OR
TURNED
IN...

OUGHT
TO BE
THANKFUL
FOR
THAT!

BUT THEN...

W-WHAT'S GOING ON?

FEELING WEAK...GROGGY ... CAN HARDLY STAND!

IT HAD BEGUN. THE WARMTH. THE HEAT. THE BURNING. AND THE PAIN. YOUR BODY IS BURNING. BITS OF YOU FALL FROM YOUR BODY. THE UNEXPECTED. THE UNEXPLAINED...

YOU TRY TO SCREAM. BUT IT CATCHES IN YOUR THROAT... YOU CAN MAKE NO SOUND...



AND MOMENTS LATER, AS THE GIRL RE-ENTERS...



HUNH? WHERE'D HE GO?

NOTHING HERE BUT THAT SMOLDERING PILE OF DUST. WHEREVER THAT CAME FROM! THIS PLACE SURE IS A MESS! I'M ALWAYS FINDING NEW JUNK LYING AROUND!



BUT WHERE'D...

OH WELL... MUST'VE TAKEN OFF! GUESS HE MUST'VE FIGURED I WAS GONNA TURN HIM IN!



SOME FOLKS DON'T TRUST NOBODY!

BUT WE TRUST YOU, DEAR READER. THAT'S WHY WE'RE LETTING YOU IN ON THIS OFFER! THE AMAZING MONEY MAKING WALLET IS STILL AVAILABLE! WHY NOT TRY IT? WHAT OTHER PRODUCT CAN GUARANTEE THAT EVEN IF YOU LOSE IT, YOU CAN STILL HAVE A REAL HOT TIME!



TRANSYLVANIA: 1835... OVER THE
TOWN OF KARNSTEIN A STRANGE LIGHT
SOARS THROUGH THE SKY...



LOOK UP IN
THE SKY!!

A GREAT
FIREBALL!
WHAT CAN
IT MEAN?

AN EVIL OMIN! THE DEVIL
HAS SENT IT TO BRING
DEATH AND DESTRUCTION
TO ALL OF US!!??



THE FIREBALL CRASHES TO EARTH A FEW MILES FROM
KARNSTEIN AND SUDS ALONG THE GROUND...

SCREEEEEEEE CRASH!



BEFORE FALLING INTO A SWAMPY
BOG AND SINKING BELOW THE SURFACE



A SHAPELESS GASEOUS CREATURE
ISSUES FROM THE DAMAGED
SHIP TO SURVEY THE STRANGE
PLANET ON WHICH IT IS SUNKEN!



COULD THESE BE LIFE. HELP
MY SHIP IS DAMAGED... I
MUST FIND A SOURCE OF
ATTENTION IF I AM EVER
TO LEAVE THIS PLACE!

"AM I BEING LISTENED TO? BUT IT
MAY BE THE DOMINANT LIFE FORM HERE!
IF IT HAS A TECHNOLOGICAL CIVILIZATION
I MAY YET GET HOME AGAIN!"



"I WILL ASSUME THIS CREATURE'S SHAP AND SEARCH FOR ITS CIVILIZATION!"



NUMBER CRUISING!
THIS IS THE DOMINANT
LIFE FORM! I WILL MAKE
MYSELF AHEAD AS IT
DROES AND FOLLOW IT!



HEH-HEH, HORROR HOUNDS! BET YOU'RE GLAD I CAN'T CHANGE SHAPES LIKE THAT SPACE-THING IN THE STORY! THIS HIDEOUS MASK IS BAD ENOUGH, AND THIS TALE'S FEATURE CREATURE IS NO SHAPE TO JAFE! SO LET'S OPEN OUR STARFUL PARCEL THAT ARRIVED BY...

SPECIAL DELIVERY

COME ON! WE'VE GOT TO FIND THIS INSTRUMENT OF THE DEVIL BEFORE IT CORRUPTS OUR COMMUNITY!

SPREAD OUT! IT MUST BE SOMEWHERE AROUND HERE... HEH! WHO ARE YOU?

YES I... I AM A STRANGER HERE! I CAME FROM ANOTHER VILLAGE! WHERE'S YOUR TOWN? I WISH TO... STOP FOR FOOD AND REST!



WE DON'T LIKE STRANGERS AROUND HERE... ESPECIALLY IN TIMES OF TROUBLE. BUT THERE'S AN INN IN TOWN WHERE YOU CAN STAY THE NIGHT! FOLLOW THE TRAIL BEHIND US!

THANK YOU! IF I CAN HELP YOU SOLVE ANY OF YOUR PROBLEMS, LET ME KNOW!

MY SHIP IS UNDER THAT LIQUID FOG... THEY WON'T FIND IT! HMMM... THAT QUADRUPED IS FAR MORE VERSILE THAN THIS FORM I NOW HOLD! REGULATIONS FORBID... BUT...

ALONE, ONE MORE, THE GOD-WRITELY BEING CURTAINS HIS FOREST WANDERINGS...





WHY IS MUCH MORE COMFORTABLE FOR FAST TRAVEL!

OH MY GOD! THAT THAT MAN! HES A WEREWOLF!



NOW THAT I'M HERE, I'D BETTER STAY IN THIS FORM SO THAT I'LL LOOK LIKE THE NATIVES... LORD!!!! WHAT A PRIMITIVE CIVILIZATION! I HOPE THEY AT LEAST KNOW WHAT ARGENTIM IS!!!

HIS BRIEF METAMORPHOSIS AS A WOLF FINISHED, THE ALIEN ENTERS THE ORNATE GOTHIC VILLAGE....



OH WELL! IF I'M GOING TO BE STRANDED HERE INDEFINITELY, I'D BETTER GET SETTLED IN! THIS MUST BE THE INNKEEPER THEY TOLD ME TO COME TO! I HOPE THEY'LL ACCEPT ORNATE EXCHANGE-RISKS FOR ROOM AND BOARD...

DER RITT PFERD



WHILE ELSEWHERE...

THE TROCK ENDS HERE! WHEREVER IT WAS, IT FELL INTO THE SWAMP, WE'LL NEVER FIND IT... IT'S PROBABLY BEEN DESTROYED!!!

NO! NOT DESTROYED, KARL! HIDDEN! THE DEVIL IS CLEVER TO HIDE OUR WRATH SO EASILY!



MARIA! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? I TOLD YOU TO STAY IN TOWN WITH THE REST OF THE WOMEN!

I... I WAS WALKING... AND... I... I SAW A WEREWOLF!



A WEREWOLF! THE DEVIL IS AMONG US! WHO IS IT? WE MUST FIND AND KILL HIM BEFORE HE GORGES UP ALL OUR CHILDREN!

I DON'T... I... I DON'T KNOW! IT WAS DARK AND I COULDN'T SEE HIM!!!



YOU MUST REMEMBER! WE ARE ALL IN DIRE PERIL!!!

I DON'T KNOW! I DON'T KNOW!

HANS! LET GO OF HER!

HOW TAKE IT EASY, HANS!
IF MARIA KNEW WHO THE
WRECKERS WAS, I'M SURE
SHE'D TELL YOU! AS IT IS
WELL HAVE TO HUNT HIM
DOWN OURSELVES, BUT...

**KRAAK
BOOM!**

A STORM!
SO DANGEROUS!!
POWER OF THE
DEVIL'S WORK!

COME! WE MUST
GET BACK TO
THE VILLAGE.
BEFORE WE ALL
GET SCARED AND
BECOME IDIOTS!

VERY WELL! BUT TOMORROW WE
WILL COME THE TOWN AND REBELL
AND HURRY THE WRECKERS! MAY
ALMIGHTY GOD HELP US!!



THESE MEN CERTAINLY ARE
FAMILIAR WITH ORIENT GOLD...
THEY CALL IT THAT ROOM
WAS INCREDIBLY COSTLY!



WHAT THIS MUST BE THE
HOTELWORKERS' SHOP!



MAY I HELP
YOU MEN
HERE?

YES... I SEEK...
BY... 9 GRAMS OF
ARGENTUM, DO YOU
HAVE MY WORK?



ARGENTUM?
NO--NO--I
DON'T BELIEVE
SUNSHINE HERE!

THESE INGREDIENTS
SO COME AND UN-
COMMON AND WHY
THESE IS NO ARGENTUM
TO BE HAD! I
MAY BE IN FOR A
VERY LONG STAY!



I'M SORRY, MEN
HERE! I DO, HOW-
EVER, HAVE SOME
VERY FINE SILVER,
IF YOU...



No... ONLY...
ARGENTUM WILL
DO! THANK...!



IF I AM TO REMAIN HERE FOR A LONG TIME,
I HAD BETTER MAKE PLANS FOR JOINING THIS
DISHAL SOCIETY. I MUST ALSO STUDY THE
MINERALS OF THIS REGION...



KARL! LOOK! THE STRANGER WE
SAW LAST NIGHT! HE IS THE FLEEM!
WE MUST GET THE OTHERS AND
HUNT HIM DOWN! HURRY!



COPIES EARLY EVENING...

I HAVE THE CONSECRATED
SILVER BALLS FROM THE
CHURCH WHICH WILL KILL
THE WEREWOLF! WHERE
SHALL WE SEARCH?

AT THE SWAMP WHERE
THE HELLISH FIREBALL SANK!
WHERE ELSE WOULD AN
AGENT OF THE DEVIL LIVE?



NO LUCK! I NEED AN ARGENTINUM
EMC-ELEMENT TO MAKE THIS SUD
MOVE... .. SIGH... ..

I SUPPOSE I HAD BEST
RETURN TO KARLSTEIN!
WHAT A DISMAL FITE!



THERE HE IS! JUST
WHERE I SAID HE'D
BE! SHOOT HIM!!



HELLO, PEOPLE! MY
NAME IS... OUCH!

POW!



GOOD SHOT, KARL!
YOU GOT 'EM BUT
GOOD!



SEE? I KILLED HIM WITH
ONLY ONE SHOT! BALLS OF
GULVER ARE THE ONLY THING
THAT'LL POISON A WERENOW!



LOOK! THE BODY'S TURNING
TO SMOKE AND BLOWING
AWAY!!!



PROOF IT WASN'T HUMAN...
ONLY A MASH TO FOOL US!

GOING TO THE DEVIL,
NO DOUBT? HA HA HA!



NOW WE
CAN GO
HOME!

YAT OUR WIVES
AND CHILDREN
ARE SAFE NOW!

HEY, KARL! SHOT YOU A BEER,
OKAY?

END OF THE STORY? NOT BY A LONG SHOT, SHROUD CROWD! THERE'S A BIT MORE TO COME!



WHAT A WOLLOPE ABOUT INCREDIBLY HOSTILE PEOPLE! THE PROTECTILES!



THEY'RE... AHMM... THEY'RE ARGENTINIUM! I WONDER HOW THOSE PEOPLE KNEW I NEEDED IT!



STRANGE WAY THEY HAVE OF DOING THINGS ON THIS PLANET!



RETURNS COMPLETE! THANKS TO THOSE MAD PEOPLE AND THEIR ARGENTINIUM PROTECTILES!



LOOK! THE DEVIL'S MACHINE IS LEAVING! SHAVIN HAS SEEN HOW WE TREAT HIS MONSTERS AND HE'S...

YEA! DEATH TO ALL WEREWOLVES!

WHEN KARL WAS GOING HOME, HOWEVER, HE DID NOTICE THE CRESCENT MOON... WHICH TERRIBLY UPSET HIM... CONDUCTED SOME OF THE THINGS HE KNEW ABOUT WERE-WOLVES! LEFT HIM A LITTLE ALARMED! BUT AT LEAST THE BROTHERS... HALLMAN FOUND AN ARGENTINIUM LIVING IN HIS CLOUDE



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NAME _____
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A Chronicle!



ONCE -- BUT NO
MATTER WHEN --
THERE LIVED -- NO
MATTER WHERE --
A MAN, WHOSE
NAME -- BUT
THEN I NEED NOT
THAT DECLARE,
HE -- WELL, HE HAD
BEEN BORN, AND SO
HE WAS ALIVE; HIS
AGE -- I DETAILS
SCORN -- WAS
SOMETHING AND
FIVE.

FEAR,
DID YOU GET
THE
RAISE?

RAISE??

OH, THAT'S
RIGHT; I WAS
SUPPOSED TO ASK
FOR A RAISE!

I'M SORRY, FEAR!
I FORGOT ALL
ABOUT IT!

...BUT I DID
PICK UP SOME NEW
APPARATUS FOR MY
RESEARCH! IT WAS
ON SALE TOO!

BUT...
BUT YOU
PROMISED YOU'D
ASK FOR A
RAISE!

YOU'VE
BEEN PROMISING
FOR WEEKS!

WHEN ARE
YOU GOING TO STOP
THINKING ABOUT ONLY
YOURSELF?...
YOURSELF AND YOUR
STUPID RESEARCH?
WHEN ARE YOU GOING
TO DO SOMETHING
FOR US?

THIS
STUFF IS JUST
WHAT I NEED! MY
RESEARCH IS JUST
ABOUT FINISHED!

WE CAN'T GO
ON LIVING IN THIS
FIRE-TRAP LIKE THIS!
WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT!

HE LIVED--HOW
MANY YEARS I TRULY
CAN'T DECIDE!
BUT THIS ONE FACT
APPEARS: HE LIVED--
UNTIL HE DIED.

I'M VERY
CLOSE NOW!
ON THE THRESHOLD
OF MAKING A
GREAT
DISCOVERY!

AND ONCE I'M
THROUGH, I'LL
BE FAMOUS--
TRULY FAMOUS!

WHA-?

NO! IT
CAN'T BE!
SOMEBODY'S JUST
DONE WHAT I'VE
BEEN TRYING
TO DO!

ALL MY
WORK--MY
YEARS OF WORK--
IT'S BEEN FOR
NOTHING!

WHAT
CAN I
DO?

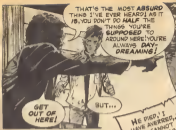
MY WHOLE
PURPOSE FOR
LIVING IS
GONE!

STRANGE!
I NEVER REALLY
NOTICED BEFORE
THIS APARTMENT IS
SO... SO SHABBY!
EVERYTHING'S BROKEN
DOWN! IT'S A
RAT'S NEST!

...AND
THAT'S WHY
I--

THIS IS
NO PLACE FOR
MY SON TO GROW
UP! AT LEAST, I
CAN DO SOMETHING
ABOUT THAT!

A RAISE!?
YOU'VE GOT
TO BE
KIDDING!



THAT'S THE MOST ABSURD THING I'VE EVER HEARD! AS IT IS, YOU DON'T DO HALF THE THINGS YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO AROUND HERE! YOU'RE ALWAYS DAY-DREAMING!

GET OUT OF HERE!

BUT...



I SAID GET OUT! IN OTHER WORDS, YOU'RE FIRED!

THIS REQUEST WAS THE LAST STRAW! I'VE HAD IT WITH YOU!

BUT... BUT...



GOOD GOD! NOW WHAT??

HE DID, I HAVE AVERRED, BUT CANNOT PROVE IT WAS SO, BUT THAT HE WAS INTERRED, AN ANY RATE, I KNOW.



CAN'T FIND A JOB ANYWHERE! BUT... BUT I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!

CAN'T JUST LET MY FAMILY STARVE! I'VE NEGLECTED THEM FOR TOO LONG AS IT IS! WE NEED MONEY--SO WE CAN MOVE!



I FANCY HE'D A SON, I HEAR HE HAD A WIFE; PERHAPS HE'D MORE THAN ONE, I KNOW NOT, ON MY LIFE!



BUT WHETHER HE WAS RICH, OR WHETHER HE WAS POOR, OR NEITHER-- BOTH-- OR WHICH, I CANNOT SAY, I'M SURE.





" I CAN'T RECALL HIS NAME, OR WHAT HE USED TO DO; BUT THEN--WELL, SUCH IS FATE! 'T'WILL GO SERVE ME AND YOU. " AND THAT IS WHY I THUS ABOUT THIS UNKNOWN MAN WOULD FAIN CREATE A FUSS TO RESCUE, IF I CAN. " FROM DARK OBLIVION'S BLOW, SOME RECORD OF HIS LOT; BUT, AM! I DO NOT KNOW WHO--WHERE--WHEN--WHY--OR WHAT.



ESCAPE FROM NOWHERE WORLD

BUT ANOTHER LITTLE BIRDY'S COME ALONG IN HER PLACE...

Somewhere, they say, there is a nowhere world. And on it, a young girl is wandering, searching desperately for some sign of life or hope...

WHAT A BLEAK...

BARREN WORLD!

IF ONLY I COULD FIND SOMEONE TO HELP ME

I'VE BEEN LOST FOR SO LONG...

WHA--!


A MAN! KNEELING IN THE SAND!

Tough Him Kneet!






I DON'T UNDERSTAND. WHY DOESN'T HE MOVE OR SPEAK? HE IS DONE, LOVELY VISITOR.




"GONE WHERE YOU WILL NEVER FIND HIM. HE IS LOCKED INSIDE HIS MIND. NEITHER THE HOT WINDS OF ANOTHER WORLD—NOR YOUR SOFT HANDS—CAN TOUCH HIM. LET HIM BE. PERHAPS HIS DREAMS ARE STRANGE DREAMS, BUT THEY CAN BE NO WORSE THAN THE REALITY HE ONCE KNEW. HE CAN NEVER DIE FOR CENTURIES, HE HAS NOT MOVED FROM THAT ONE SPOT, AND FOR CENTURIES, I, WHO AM MADE OF STONE, HAVE SILENTLY GUARDED HIM."



BUT WHAT CAUSED ALL THIS TO BE?



"WHEN THE UNIVERSE WAS YOUNG, WE WERE IMPRISONED HERE UNJUSTLY. FIRST I CAME, THEN AHZD...HERE, MY BODY WAS TURNED TO STONE BY THOSE WHO HATED ME. I KNEW THERE WAS NO ESCAPE... BUT AHZD WAS NOT A MAN OF STONE! HE BELIEVED HE COULD ESCAPE. HIS ONLY CHANCE WAS A HUGE BIRD CALLED THE BIRD OF HOPE. FOR SOME REASON, IT HAD CHOSEN TO HIBERNATE HERE. HE HOPED THAT WHEN IT FLEW, HE WOULD FLY WITH IT, RIDING ITS BACK TO FREEDOM..."



"BUT THE BIRD OF HOPE LEFT QUIETLY IN THE NIGHT AS AHZD SLEPT! I CALLED TO HIM, BUT HE COULD NOT HEAR. I WATCHED HELPLESSLY AS ALL THAT MY FRIEND LIVED FOR, FLEW AWAY INTO THE STARLIT SKY..."



"WHEN THE BIRD LEFT HIS HOPE LEFT WITH IT—AS WELL AS HIS SANITY! HE HAS KNELT THERE EVER SINCE. ONLY THE Faintest TRACES OF THE BIRD'S IMPRESSION ARE LEFT! IF YOU LOOK CLOSELY, YOU WILL SEE THEM. BUT LOOK WITH REVERENCE—THOSE PATHETIC MARKS ARE ALL THAT REMAINS OF A MAN'S LIFE."



WHY THAT'S HORRIBLE! IT'S BEYOND BELIEF!

LOOK!



HE STIRS! HE STIRS AT LAST—AFTER ALL THESE CENTURIES!



GNNNNHHH—OH!!

THE BIRD OF HOPE! IT'S GONE! NO! NO!!

THE BIRD!



EVEN IN MY DEATH-LIKE SLEEP I HEARD YOUR VOICES! I THOUGHT PERHAPS—(CHOKES)—PERHAPS I WAS FREE!

PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER AND LISTEN TO ME! PERHAPS YOU CAN BE FREE!

MY NAME IS JANEN. I CAME FROM BEYOND...A WORLD AS SURELY IN DESPAIR AS YOUR OWN. I HAVE NO ONE AND KNOW NOT THE TOUCH OF A MAN!

TOGETHER, WE CAN KNOW FREEDOM. IS IT POSSIBLE? I HAVE NEVER KNOWN IT.

GREAT STATUE
DID YOU HEAR?
IT CAN'T BE TRUE!
SHE SPEAKS OF
FREEDOM.
FREEDOM AT
LAST!

YES, AHZID I
HEARD. BUT I
AM MADE OF
STONE AND CAN
NOT KNOW HOPE
AS YOU CAN!

TO THINK—THOSE WHO IMPRISONED US HERE
HAVE BEEN DEAD NOW MANY THOUSANDS OF
YEARS! THEIR VILE DEEDS LONG FORGOTTEN
HISTORY—AS ARE THE NOBLE CAUSES FOR
WHICH WE FOUGHT AND YET... WE LIVE ON, THOUGH
EVEN THE WORLDS WE FOUGHT TO SAVE MAY
NOW BE MERELY COSMIC DUST!

COME, AHZID, YOU HAVE
WAITED TOO LONG FOR
THIS MOMENT! WE
WERE BOTH LOST
CREATURES, MOVING
IN WORLDS OF DARK-
NESS... TOGETHER WE
COULD FIND OUR WAY
TO LIGHT!

COME MAN
CALLED AHZID...
COME AWAY...

SHOULD I FIGHT AGAINST
THE STATUE, THE TWO
KNOW LOVE... AS
NEVER BEFORE...

JANSEN, YOUR NAME IS
LOVELY. IT HAS BEEN A
LONG TIME SINCE I
HAVE HEARD A
WOMAN'S NAME...
OR THE SOUND
OF HER
VOICE.

CAN WE EVER
LEAVE HERE
AHZID? ARE THERE
OTHER WORLDS...
EVEN IF ONLY OF
THE SPIRIT? IS
THERE A WORLD
THAT IS NOT
DARK... AND
IN
DESPAIR?

POOR AHZID...
WE WERE BOTH
SO ALONE... BOTH
SO LIKE THAT
STATUE

I LOVE HIM.
**GREAT
STATUE.**
I LOVE HIM
CALLED AHZID...
AND HE LOVES
ME.

HOLDING YOU,
I KNOW DESPAIR
IS ONLY A FILMY
GOSSAMER
CURTAIN WAIT-
ING TO BE
TORN
APART!

CAN WE TAKE HIM WITH US ANZO?
HE SHOULD WATCH OVER YOU, KEPT
THE FLAME OF LIFE ENKNOLED.

HELP ME
CARRY
HIM,
ANZO.

HOW LONG SINCE I FELT
THE TOUCH OF A WOMAN'S
HAND ON MY FACE?
LONGER EVEN THAN ANZO,
BUT WHAT LOVE CAN A
MAN OF STONE GIVE...OR
EXPECT ANZO TO THINK
I ONCE TRIED YOU!

THE TIME FOR
FREEDOM
HAS COME.

LET ME
GO, MY
FRIENDS.

I WILL HOLD
YOU BACK!
WEIGH YOU
DOWN WITH
ALL THAT IS
PAST.

LOVE HAS THE
STRENGTH TO CARRY
YOU **GREAT
STATUE**

LET
ME
GO!

STRONG
LOVE
SUCH AS
OURS!

BUT IT MUST NOT
BE WEIGHED DOWN
WITH PAST GUILTS,
PAST SORROWS!

WITHOUT
ME YOU
WILL FIND
WHAT YOU
ARE
SEARCHING
FOR.

NO!



AHZD! I AM A GREAT BURDEN PLEASE LEAVE ME STRAY, GO ON YOURSELVES, I AM ONLY A STATUE.

EVERYTHING IS BECOMING SO DARK AND GENUINE... LIKE IT WAS BEFORE... I WANDERED ALONE IN DARKNESS LIKE THIS, HURRY, AHZD!

IT IS ONLY THE COVERING OF NIGHT DARK AND HEAVY NIGHT!



NO, WITH FREEDOM SO CLOSE... I CAN FEEL IT... WE HAVE TO TRY... EVEN HARDER, THE SKY WILL BREAK... ALLOW US ENTRANCE, IT HAS TO.

THE DARK WINDS OF DESPAIR ARE UPON US AHZD.

USE YOUR SWORD, GREAT STATUE! CUT US A PATH THROUGH THE DARKNESS!



NO, NO, NOT TO COME SO CLOSE AND PAIL AGAIN. PLEASE, GREAT STATUE BRING LIGHT FROM DARKNESS, CUT SWATHS INTO THE AIR.

I AM BUT A STATUE AHZD, DO NOT ASK ME WHAT I CANNOT DO, I AM THE CAUSE OF THIS PAIN, MY STONE BODY IS TOO HEAVY FOR THE TWO OF YOU, I KNOW WHAT MUST BE DONE...



SMALL, ALMOST UNSEEN PIECES OF THE STATUE GHP AWAY...

MUST BRING WHAT POWERS I HAVE TO BE! MUST WILL MYSELF... TO CRUMBLE APART...

RUN AHEAD, AHZD! IS THERE NO WAY TO ESCAPE? ARE WE TO WALK IN DARKNESS... ALONE, SEPARATE FROM EACH OTHER?

GOODBYE, MY FRIENDS!

AHZD! THE GREAT STATUE! HE'S FALLEN!

MY FRIEND! NO! THERE MUST BE ANOTHER WAY! WAIT!



NO! PLEASE, GREAT STATUE! THERE HAS TO BE SOME OTHER WAY! THERE HAS TO BE! PLEASE!

IF I MUST DIE LET IT BE AS A MAN WHO CAN FEEL AND LOVE AND CARE AND HOPE--NOT AS A GREAT COLD STONE MONSTROSITY!

AND IF I MUST DIE, LET IT BE FOR THE IDEALS FOR WHICH I ONCE LIVED! LET IT BE MY FINAL VICTORY OVER THE FORCES OF OPPRESSION...

OH MY GOD! MY FRIENDS! PLEASE!

THE SWORD WOMAN, TAKE THE SWORD, IT WILL CUT THE SMITH AHZID WANTED. IT WILL BRING YOU FREEDOM FOR FREEDOM AWAITS!

LET IT BE NOW!

HE SAID OUR LIVES! WE ARE FREE, AHZID! I CAN FEEL THE SKY PARTING LIKE SOME GREAT SEA!

YES, BUT AT A GREAT PRICE!

Zilip

GOODBYE, GREAT STATUE! I WILL SHED MANY TEARS FOR YOU, THAT IS ALL THAT I CAN GIVE, THOUGH YOU GAVE YOUR LIFE!

HURRY, AHZID! OUR ESCAPE! THERE IS A PATH NOW, HURRY!

SWATSCH!

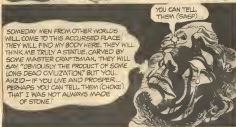
ON NOWHERE WORLD, THE BROKEN BODY OF THE GREAT STATUE CLINGS TO WHAT FEW MOMENTS OF LIFE IT HAS LEFT; HIS VOICE RINGS OUT TO BE HEARD BY NO ONE...



AHZID! I HAVE WON BY VICTORY!

I HAVE ACHIEVED THE GOAL FOR WHICH I FOUGHT THOUSANDS OF YEARS BEFORE...

...TO BRING FREEDOM TO THOSE WHO DID NOT HAVE IT!



YOU CAN TELL THEM (GASP)

SOMEDAY MEN FROM OTHER WORLDS WILL COME TO THIS ACCURSED PLACE. THEY WILL FIND MY BODY HERE. THEY WILL THINK ME TRULY A STATUE, CARVED BY SOME MASTER CRAFTSMAN, THEY WILL SAY "OBVIOUSLY THE PRODUCT OF SOME LONG DEAD CIVILIZATION," BUT YOU, AHZID—IF YOU LIVE AND PROSPER... PERHAPS YOU CAN TELL THEM (CHOKES) THAT I WAS NOT ALWAYS MADE OF STONE!



THAT I WAS ONCE A MAN!

AND THEN, THERE IS ONLY SILENCE...



WELL, THAT'S THE WAY THE COOKIE CRUMBLIES! KIND OF CRACKS YOU UP DOESN'T IT?

HEAVY, MAN!



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Creepy's Fan Club

GRANDPRIX

Jerry Grandvieux, actor on "Crazy Breakers," "Escape from Nowhere Woods," "The fastest segment in his award-winning "On the Wild Side" from CREEPLY #36, wrote a short profile for himself for us, as follows:

In High School, I had hopes of becoming an Architectural Designer so I had to take variety of math subjects. I took a special course in Instrumental Perspective. Using Isometric drawing, Instrumental Perspective literally means one can construct mathematically, left, vanishing points and center of vanishing.

While most guys were preparing to break into comic books, others (some only 16 years of age) had already started working for them. On the other hand, as most of us were working as junior drafts men. Once given them the opportunity to do some rendering, I realized it was more fun than working a dead end, T square job.

After graduation from the School of Industrial Art (now The School of Art and Design), I entered the United States Navy with a special rating. As agreed to Public Relations, I drew and photographed some of our personalities. The Navy soon learned of my drafting experience and I was told that was doing mechanical work.

After discharge from the service, I found employment with Bill Eisner who was doing "The Spirit" but I wasn't really into it. I was probably one of the great ones, but I didn't work out. I was contacted by one of the best breaks in my life. After a few short weeks of doing background work to ink Bill Eisner's pencils except for characters' heads, which I went to do later. He time to speed up production, Eisner hired John Springer to pencil and I continued to ink. A short time later, Alice Feffer was hired to ink the black portions. This gave me a chance to work with Eisner on other projects. Some time later, Feffer and I graduated from Pratt Institute night school. By the time we were completing our degree program at Pratt, I was doing "The Spirit" and Feffer was writing it. A couple of years later, I did a feature for



Graphs artist par excellence Jerry Grandvieux, whose work appears in this issue, obscures pen-in-inkery attached to his drawing board.

Picton House which I wrote and illustrated. It was called "The Secret Ties of Dr. Owen" and it was styled in the lead-in of "The Bomb".

I then went to work for National Personnel Doc Johnson Pearl, Roderick Rick, Strong Blow and Gussner and Sarge. I also did covers. As time went on for National, later I decided and inked my own art. At night, I went to the Art Guild where I taught to study part time. I also attended the school of Visual Arts to study advertising concepts. I also decided to go to Queens College since I was only 18 miles away from where I lived in Long Island. Looking back upon all those years, I can't say I regretted it. I still struggle to improve, or more concisely, that I continue to seek new and fresh books in my work.

After a long stay at National Comics, I quit to try other related fields. I first went to work with Ted Bates as a salesman where I did TV storyboards and print ads. I later moved over to another advertising agency, Long Island Industry, Inc. (later forward to forming an Advertising Agency, which permits rather impossible new, unless the economy straightens out.) I guess painting is my favorite pastime. I've experimented with just about every school of painting. I'm still fascinated with the school of Nat. Objective painting. They are great in their use of color and black and white for Arts and Crafts, Kuchnerbacher, Best Television, cigarettes. There were quite a few others too. I also started doing short action production slides at corporations in full color.

I want only to stay away from doing covers for time and once again returned to my National Personnel to do "The Spectre" and "Nightmare". It was about this time (four years ago) that I started work-



The dramatic rendition of the old West was done by Canadian artist Donald Macdonald. Don writes that he recently received a diploma in advertising art from Red River Community College in Winnipeg, Manitoba—Canada. Note his use of shadowy areas.

ing for Women Publishing. I've also done work for several MAD type publications. Also as an Advertising Artist, I supply Long Island Industry, Inc. lead forward to forming an Advertising Agency, which permits rather impossible new, unless the economy straightens out. I guess painting is my favorite pastime. I've experimented with just about every school of painting. I'm still fascinated with the school of Nat. Objective painting. They are great in their use of color and black and white for Arts and Crafts, Kuchnerbacher, Best Television, cigarettes. There were quite a few others too. I also started doing short action production slides at corporations in full color.

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THE DEMON

He knew his father had come the way 50 years ago and had not intended Steve Michaels, an explorer of Zela XII of the Near Castellatonia, was now exploring the same Red Area his father had discovered.

Finally, Steve poked his way through the red fog. He sent an abrupt screeching, while keeping an eye out for the judge. Detroit he was sure had drowned his father. He wondered whether his father had had the same fears and worries.

Suddenly he heard a rustle in a tree 15 yards ahead of him. In the bough of the tree rested a fattened savage in a explorer's park. Steve gave a yell and jumped out his bladder, firing an energy blast at the savage. With a speed and curling only familiar about the savagery dodged the blast and leaped forward at Steve. Over and over they tumbled, both determined to bring the blood of the other. The peaced, fed with the savage strang Steve's nostrils, but always there was something hurtfully familiar about the savagery. Finally with a great clatter of bent muscles, Steve flung the savage from him and the peaced leapt back. The horrible smell of roasted flesh filled the air as Steve fell back weeping. For the first time he had realized who the savage was Steve's father. Who would Steve. "Why did it have to be this way?"

Steve sat into the night. After a long time of thought, he thought he heard some demon of the Red Area digging his claws into the earth. The demon of the Red Area. Soon he began to rise wildly into the night. He soon began to scream and beat at his clothes. All he wanted to do was get out of there. He had to get out. And now the cycle was complete and the Demon of the Red Area satisfied. The savagery was the savage.



DOESN'T WANT YOU TO SEE THE AD ON PAGES 46 & 47 OF THIS ISSUE!

THE OLD LADY AND THE CATS

By Randy Ray

The sun rose gently on the tiny village of Clarksville. It glistened from the front porch of the old lady's house and made the single gas pump in front of Old Man Johnson's station shine. The house meant nothing to any one except for a curious person named Howard. Howard the man who always did and fed breakfast for himself and her cats. The cats were the only thing that worried him. But every story told in Clarksville knew it had a home at Louise's house. The house at least 18 or 20 in the night and spent most of her person. Being there, he can be expensive feeding men scraps to that many hungry cats. The food for the cats and it was worth doing without things she wanted so she could keep her cats happy and healthy.

They looked didn't feel one could hardly eat the heavy chunks of meat and carry it to the cats in the parlor. The old lady she could feel a sharp pain in her chest. But she thought nothing of it. It had happened so many times. If she hadn't had enough strength to stagger to the stove and get down, she could not catch her breath and the pain was getting worse. She got up to get to the door and fell heavily to the floor. The cats purred and rubbed against her.

Days later, the sun rose again and the next shadowed in. The rays cast through the window and warmed the old house. The old grandfatherly clock was ticking away down and stood quietly watching. Louise's pale blue eyes stared past the ceiling and waited. One of her thin white and hand was clasped around her throat. A deep gray hair fell across her face. The cats leaped and sat at one another. It was time for breakfast and the cats were hungry.

Howard thought the old lady was dead. He had seen her face. The cats leaped and sat at one another. It was time for breakfast and the cats were hungry.

THE PROBLEM

By Robert Nasson

The cold breeze whistled through the small window on the fourth floor. The gray building was quite old and arched. It belonged in the downtown district. The window was infested with rats and covered with debris. The house meant nothing to any one except for a curious person named Howard. Howard the man who always did and fed breakfast for himself and her cats. The cats were the only thing that worried him. But every story told in Clarksville knew it had a home at Louise's house. The house at least 18 or 20 in the night and spent most of her person. Being there, he can be expensive feeding men scraps to that many hungry cats. The food for the cats and it was worth doing without things she wanted so she could keep her cats happy and healthy.

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Pin-ups



NOW HOW ABOUT A FETISH FABLE, ALL YOU FULL MOON FREAKS? BUT FIRST, I'LL WAIT RIGHT HERE WHILE YOU HURRY OUT TO GET YOUR OLD WOLF-SKINS OUT OF STORAGE. YOU'LL NEED THEM 'WHERE OL' LINC' LEADS YOU IN SEARCH OF THE...

ICE WOLF



SOOT-COLORED SKY WASHED OVER THE COLD, LATE EVENING SIBERIAN LANDSCAPE. IN THE PALE MOON-REFLECTED SNOW THE HUNTERS CROUCHED, JAVELINS POISED. FROM A DISTANCE CAME A SOUND, A FAINT YELPING. THE HUNTERS BENT FORWARD SLIGHTLY, AS THE PREY CAME NEARER.

GARY KAUFMAN



AAA OOO OOO OOO

OOO OOO W

THE SCENT OF FLESH HAD ATTRACTED THE GRAY ONES, AND AS THEY TOOK THE BAIT...

AROUND SPEARS FLASHED ACROSS THE SKY TO SINK STONE HEADS INTO WARM FURRED BACKS!

INSTANTLY, THE VICTORIOUS HUNTERS SPREAD!

FLINT KNIVES SLASHED AT THE STRUGGLING ENEMY!

MANNERS CRUSHED THE BRITTLE SKULLS, FINISHING THE KILL!



THE WOLF MEAT WAS GOOD
BUT THERE WAS NO CHEER...



FOR THE LAST OF THE WOLF
PACKS WAS NOW GONE, AND SOON
STARVING WOULD COME!



THE SHAMAN RAISED THE TOTEM OF
THE WHITE WOLF TO CALL IN THE
HUNTERS



TO END THE HUNGER AND RETURN THE GAME THEY PAID HOMAGE TO
THE YELLOWED-BONE TOTEM. MAGIC WAS IN THE AIR AS LIGHTS-OF-
FIRE EXPLODED AND FRENZIED DANCERS CHANTED LIKE HOUNDS



MANY JAVELINS STRUCK THE
STUFFED-BEAST TARGETS
IT WAS A GOOD SIGN!



AND THE SHAMAN SPOKE OF A
VISION HE HAD SEEN WOLVES,
FAR TO THE NORTH



THE HUNTERS QUIT THEIR OLD FIELDS AND BEGAN THE TREK FARTHER NORTH, INTO THE ICE COUNTRY. HERE WERE SHATTERED TREES AND SNOW...



BUT NO TRACKS WERE FOUND. EVEN THE SNOW-RABBIT SHUNNED THIS FROZEN LAND.



NO HOPE—THIS WHITE LAND WAS BARREN!

NO TRACKS WERE FOUND AND THE NUMBER GREW!



NIGHT: ONE SLEEPLESS HUNTER, NIGHT FANG, WANDERED ALONE.



A VOICE SEEMED TO SPEAK TO HIM. "WOLF!" IT SAID



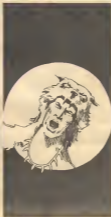
AND AGAIN HE HEARD IT. "WOLF!"
"I WILL WOLF!" HE SHOUTED!



NIGHT FANG ~~WOLF~~ "WOLF!" HE
REPEATED. BUT IT SAID "NO!"



"YOU HAVE NOT KILLED WOLF
TODAY OR YESTERDAY," IT SAID!



AND HE KNEW IT WAS SO.
"I WILL FIND!" HE ANSWERED. "I AM
WOLF HUNTER!"

"YOU WILL NOT FIND WOLF FOR
THEY HAVE GONE, BUT YOU
ARE WOLF! YOU MUST FIND
YOUR FOOD!"





AM WOLF... THOUGHT NIGHT FANG!

THERE, IN THE ORB'S PASTEL GLOW, A STRANGE TRANSFORMATION OCCURRED. THE FROZEN LANDSCAPE REMAINED UNCHANGED, BUT NIGHT FANG KNEW THAT HE WAS DIFFERENT, A NEW, A NEW BEING.



NIGHT FANG INHALED DEEPLY... WATCHING HIS CHEST SWELL...

HIS TONGUE MOVED ABOUT, AND HE FELT FANGS.



HE BIT INTO HIS LIP AND HIS NEW FANGS BROUGHT BLOOD. HIS TONGUE TASTED **NUMB** BLOOD AND HIS HUNGER GREW WITH THE TASTE OF **FOOD**.

RETURNING TO THE CAVERN WHERE THE OTHERS SLEPT, HE NOTICED A CHANGE IN HIS VISION— OR DID HE ONLY **IMAGINE** IT ?



HIS SIGHT WAS KEEN NOW. AND IT WAS A **GOOD** CHANGE.



AT DAWN THE HUNTERS ROSE AND CONTINUED THE SEARCH ACROSS FIELDS OF SNOW.

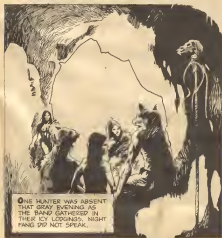


BUT NO TRACKS WERE FOUND; HUNGER GREW!

NIGHT FANG KNEW THEY WOULD FIND NO PREY IN THIS BLEAK NORTHERN LAND. BUT HUNGER TORTURED HIM, AND THE FUTILE SEARCH ANGERED HIM!



NEARBY STALKED A LONE HUNTER, AND NIGHT FANG COULD SMELL FOOD!



ONE HUNTER WAS ABSENT THAT GRAY EVENING AS THE BAND GATHERED IN THEIR ICY LODGINGS. NIGHT FANG DID NOT SPEAK.

THE FOLLOWING DAY BROUGHT NO BETTER LUCK. ANOTHER OF THEIR NUMBER WAS MISSING AND NIGHT FANG WAS NOT HUNGRY.





HE KEPT HIMSELF ALOOF FROM THE OTHERS, FOR HE WAS NOT OF THE PACK NOW.



WHILE THE PACK DIED, HE GREW!



WHILE THE OTHERS STARVED, HE WAS BEING NOURISHED!



FACED WITH EXTINCTION, THE PACK DEPARTED AS NIGHT FANG FOLLOWED STEALTHILY TRACKING THEM.



ATTACKING A STRAGGLER IN THE SNOW, HE THOUGHT, "I KNOW THIS ONE!" AND A NEED AROSE IN HIM, FOR THIS ONE WAS HIS WOMAN!

ALONE, THEY LIVED AMONG THE SILENT CRAGS AND CREVICES OF THIS FROZEN WORLD...



BUT HE SOON TIRED OF HER, FOR SHE WAS ONLY HUMAN, WHILE HE WAS WOLF!

AND THE SHAMAN CALLED DOWN MANY AN OATH UPON HIM, AND DESCENDED, STAFF RAISED ABOVE HIS HEAD.



AND HE WAS GROWING HUNGRY!



AS HE SMASHED HER SKULL HE WAS PRECHENED IN A SCARLET SPRAY OF DELICIOUS FOOD

NIGHT FANG FOUGHT SAVAGELY FOR POSSESSION OF THE DAMNING WHITE TOTEM OF HIS FORMER BAND.



WHILE FEASTING, A TALL FIGURE CAME UPON HIM. THE SHAMAN SHOUTED FROM A RIDGE.



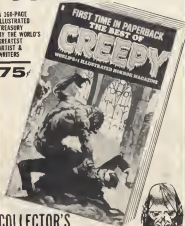
SOON THE OLD MAGICIAN WAS BEATEN DOWN, A GRAY MASS GOZZING FROM HIS CRANIAL! NIGHT FANG NOW HELD THE BLOODY TOTEM, AND HE CURSED THE EVIL DEVICE!



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